

Ghost in Drakesville

By

Johnny J. Edwards

© 2011



August 14-18, 2011 I was on a family history trip to Iowa and Illinois.

This trip took me to Drakesville, Davis County Iowa.

I decided to have fun with this trip and stay at a Bed and Breakfast called, "The Weaver House".



The idea seemed like the right thing to do especially after staying in boring motels on all of my previous genealogical trips over the years.

I drove up to the old home and parked. I was to meet the caretaker lady by the name of Betty Schaffer.

I walked up to the front porch to knock on the door to see a note on the door from Betty S. which stated she was running late would be back soon.

I walked around for a few minutes and saw a car drive up which was my caretaker of the Weaver Home.

I approached her and I introduced myself to her.

When we started walking closer to the home I felt a very strong anger coming from the home. It was over powering.

Deeply angry and stressed.

I have never felt that type of anger from nothing before.

Betty S. went onto explain how the next few days would work.

She told me that I would be the only one in the house.

I asked her, "You mean besides you?" She laughed and said, "no I have my own home. I don't live here anymore."

After a tour of the home feeling a deep anger and hatred towards me she said she needed to leave.

I asked her, "How do I get in and out of the home if no one is here?" She answered, "We don't lock the doors. Just come and go as you please. Here is a key to your room".

My notes from this trip finish the story.

"When I arrived in Drakesville 5 days ago I started by arriving at the bed and breakfast, "The Weaver House". The lady caretaker Betty Schafer met me there and I have to honestly state that this home gave me the creeps from the first time I laid my eyes on it. I should not have asked Betty S. if the home was haunted but I for some reason felt it was important. So after I asked Betty she just looked at me and gave me an uncomfortable smile. She then said that "He wouldn't bother me". That sure didn't help at all for the next three days".¹

"However what I didn't get into was the B and B arrangements the first night. I was so tired but this place from the start made me self-conscious. It had a feel of what everyone knows as a haunted house. The home itself was clean/tidy and stacked full of very nice furniture. I said to myself I can do this at the start when Betty S. gave me a tour of the house, but Betty told me that I would be staying alone in the house which shocked me. I didn't like that at all. Just the thought to be in a house with all of the expensive nick knacks as it had was bad enough. But the worse part was that I was spooked already without even sleeping there. The house was haunted as Betty S. who lived there for many years told me. I told her that I felt funny about the whole thing, she just smiled and said, "Oh Johnny you'll be just fine". I did ask her just how bad the home was haunted. She just looked at me and smiled and said jut shadow mostly. I asked Betty, "So it's a man through right?" She said, "Yes". "Is it bad haunted", I asked and she answered, "No". She then gave an example when her son came over to the home and he lost his temper at Betty S. I said, "What happened?" She just looked at me and said again, "it just wasn't good".

So my night started after I go back from dinner. Very un-easy, felt like someone was staring at me. I fell asleep and I woke up every half hour to 40 minutes. I swear that the sheets were taken off me in the middle of the night. I at one time jumped out of bed for some reason which I don't know why. I just remember jumping then sitting on the edge of the bed.

I saw nothing, nor did I hear anything.

Needless to say I didn't sleep good at all. I finally just got up around 3 am and took a shower and started my first day.

¹ Johnny J. Edwards Papers: Edwards 429, page 15, 19-21

Glad to be out of there."²

² Johnny J. Edwards Papers: Edwards 429, page 15, 19-21

























What I didn't mention in my working notes was the following.

I was scheduled to stay in the B and B for three days. I left early in the am of the second night.

I woke up to voices outside me door. I know I heard mumbling. Nothing I could make out.

I got my things together and put them in the car.

I wrote a letter and placed it on the entry way table.

It basically said that I had to leave early and the third day I paid for lodging they could keep.

Goodness!